



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### MISS MARY KINGSLEY.



THE articles 'Nursing in West Africa' in the June number of this *Journal* were probably Miss Mary Kingsley's latest papers, indeed, they appeared just a few days before her death. They were characteristic of her vigorous and independent thought and quaint and humorous expression.

The death of Miss Kingsley is a loss to the public no less than it is to personal friends, for her keen and sympathetic study of West African problems—administrative, commercial, and social—had given weight to her views, and entitled her to claim attention for them; while her gentleness, alertness of mind, and her stores of original observation made her a singularly interesting companion to those who shared her friendship.

Miss Kingsley had hereditary title to literary distinction. Her uncles, Charles and Henry Kingsley, have their place in literature; and her father, Dr George Kingsley, is remembered for his entertaining South Sea narrative, *The Earl and the Doctor*. Yet it was not without surprise that her first book, *Travels in West Africa*, was received and so widely read. Adventures in travel so original and novel had seldom been described, and the picturesque irregularity of her style added piquancy to the narrative; while the reader marvelled that any one, still more that any woman, should have wandered in such solitary fashion through almost pathless forests, often among cannibal tribes, without losing her life, and perhaps being eaten.

The force of character which carried her through difficulties was not governed by mere love of adventure. She steadily pursued two main objects: the collection of natural history specimens, especially of the fishes and insects of that region, which hitherto had only been imperfectly examined; and the study of the superstitions and fetiches of the various native tribes—a study for which her earnest sympathy with the natives specially qualified her, and also enabled her to realise to a remarkable degree their ideas and feelings. It

was doubtless that sympathy which attached her guides—often cannibals—to her, and gave her influence over the savage chiefs encountered in her journeys. Trade, too, is a persuasive missionary; and the knowledge that Miss Kingsley came from the traders, to whom the natives looked for the goods they coveted, gave her a measure of security. How one so quiet and unassuming, and not free from timidity when at home, could endure the physical exertion and moral strain of tramping through forests and wading swamps, alone among hordes of savages, is matter for wonderment; and it seems marvellous and sad that a constitution which resisted the malaria of West Africa should yield to hospital-fever at the Cape.

It was in 1893 that Miss Kingsley, for the first time in her life, 'found herself in possession of five or six months not heavily forestalled;' and despite ghastly warnings from informants, who advised her to make friends with the Wesleyans, 'because they alone had a hearse with feathers,' she hardened her heart and closed with West Africa. Becoming enamoured of the country, its weird fascination drew her thither again in 1894 for a longer stay; and in that year and 1895 she explored the West African coast from Sierra Leone to the river Ogowé, in French Congo, and wandered through the country of the cannibal Fan tribes, and also the Gaboon region, the home of the gorilla.

The variety of native customs provided endless interest. Nature provides the head of the native with a woolly protection from the sun, yet the inhabitants of the island of Fernando Po wear hats, but no other garment save a coating of grease, an armet of beads for a pocket, into which the knife or pipe is conveniently stuck, and for a purse a belt of shells, these being the currency of the country. Some mainland tribes prefer to wear large lumps of ever-dropping fat in their ears and in their hair.

In passing through the Fan tribes, often at feud with each other, Miss Kingsley took guides of the same cannibal race; and on entering each new village a palaver with the chief was necessary

before shelter and safety could be assured. On one occasion the chief, hostile or hungry, demanded the surrender of her guides. This was refused, and the palaver became loud and excited. Miss Kingsley kept in front of the guides, and, while maintaining the palaver, backed slowly to the steep bank overhanging the river where her boat lay. Over this the guides leaped and rushed to the boat, followed by Miss Kingsley, amid a shower of arrows. The boat was paddled swiftly and safely down the river in the dusk. The next day the chief, penitent or still hungry, sent a messenger with apologies, begging her to return. The invitation was declined with thanks.

At another village, being lodged in a chief's hut, her curiosity was attracted by a bag, with an evil odour, hanging on the wall. The contents, shaken out into her hat, proved on examination to be a collection of human remains—a hand, three big-toes, four eyes, two ears, and other portions of human bodies. The contents were hastily replaced, and the bag again hung up.

On the Gaboon River her guide one day called her to creep quietly through the bushes, and then she saw a family of five gorillas—an old male, three females, and a young one. The guide sneezed, which alarmed the gorillas, and they fled with a bark and a howl, the old male swinging from bough to bough like an acrobat on the trapeze.

On another day Miss Kingsley and her two guides came suddenly upon a solitary male gorilla, who, as usual, had appropriated a forest glade as a park for his private enjoyment. Furious at the intrusion, the brute, instead of fleeing, came shambling towards them, growling fiercely. 'Shoot him,' whispered Miss Kingsley. 'I dare not,' said the guide, 'until he comes quite close. I have only one gun; the other is out of order. If I miss he will kill us.' The gorilla came nearer; rearing himself on his hind-legs, he beat his breast and roared, just as Du Chaillu described long ago; then, running forward, he stopped and roared again, and again ran forward until quite close. Then the guide fired, and the gorilla dropped dead.

The insect pests were almost as formidable as the gorillas, and much more numerous. The travelling ants go forth in armies, and bite and devour every living thing they encounter. Only streams will divert their march. While Miss Kingsley was walking with a lady and gentleman,

her two companions suddenly leaped into a water-tub to escape the ants. There was no room in the tub for Miss Kingsley, and before she could recover from surprise she was attacked and almost devoured by swarms of these creatures. Her clothes were torn almost to rags before she could free herself from the tormentors.

Many know how good a lecturer Miss Kingsley was, and her lectures were illustrated by lantern-slides. One slide showed magnified figures of some of the worst insect-pests of the country. She had presented natural history specimens to the *savants* at South Kensington, who found some of the insects new and interesting. Speaking of her reception by these gentlemen, Miss Kingsley said, 'They were very civil, and said many kind things; and'—pointing to a ferocious-looking creature—'I suppose they meant it as a compliment: they have named that beast after me!'

Miss Kingsley's second book, which is not less important if less entertaining, deals rather with questions of government and trade than with adventure, and gives a further and curious detailed account of native superstitions. In other short papers she expressed her views of what was needed in various ways to promote the welfare of the country in which her interest centred. Although her stirring appeals are now silenced, it is hoped that the interest she excited in West Africa will not die with her, and that West Africans will long cherish the memory of the kindly and energetic Mary Kingsley.

Mr Alfred L. Jones, as chairman of the African Trade Section of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, passed a well-merited eulogium on Miss Kingsley for the courage, ability, and honesty with which she had endeavoured to solve the problems of life and trade in West Africa. Mr Jones, who is one of the leading authorities on all matters connected with West African trade, as head of the Elder-Dempster Shipping Company, of a West India company, and of other shipping companies, said that West Africa and West African trade had benefited enormously by Miss Kingsley's efforts. This same gentleman has backed up the proposal to establish a 'Mary Kingsley Hospital for Tropical Diseases' in Liverpool by an offer of a donation of £1000, and other large subscriptions are forthcoming. No more practical memorial could be reared to the memory of one who was nothing if not useful and practical.



## OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.

## CHAPTER XII.—WHAT HAPPENED AT THE OLD MILL.



COLONEL LEPARD'S overbearing spirit chafed sorely at the disarrangement of his ideas which my arrival and my persistent monopolisation of mademoiselle's society occasioned. I judged that he was not the kind of man to suffer this sort of thing for any length of time without bearing and showing resentment, and I was curious to see what he would be moved to do.

His ill-humour had so far found expression only in black looks and deprecatory scowls. But the gallant Colonel was accustomed to more forcible methods; and the saving grace of patience, of which the Abbé and Madame Mère were by instinct and by training rare examples, found no place in him. Like his brothers in arms, his strong point was in forcing the fighting. He was a French soldier, and so he could not wait; and, though I only learned this later, time pressed with him.

When mademoiselle and I sought the terrace after breakfast next morning, the Colonel joined us, with an assumption of good fellowship which sat so ill upon him that it did not deceive us for a moment. He took up his position on the opposite side of mademoiselle, and paced up and down beside us in a way that would have been annoying if it had not been so infinitely amusing; but mademoiselle did not see anything amusing in it. It was to her wholly annoying; and by the frostiness of her manner, which diverted and charmed me greatly, she made her sentiments so apparent that the Colonel could not fail to understand them. However, he was troubled by no feelings of delicacy or diffidence, and stuck to his post and talked away to mademoiselle, till at last she bade us both good-day and slipped away into the house.

I should dearly have liked to kick the Colonel off the terrace for the unseemliness of his behaviour and for the deprivation I suffered in consequence; but that was not permissible, so I contented myself with walking away towards the woods, leaving him in possession of the field. As tactics, however, this move of the Colonel's was a bad one, and led to results the opposite of what he had hoped for.

I had my own views as to the course we might pursue under the circumstances. But I preferred waiting to see what line mademoiselle would take; and she did exactly what I hoped she would do.

When we met before breakfast the next morning she said to me, 'I shall walk in the woods to-day. Will you meet me at the front door immediately after breakfast?'

Perhaps the grateful look I gave her showed her more than the simple expectation of the enjoyment of her company, for her sweet face flushed gloriously for a moment, and she hastened to the table.

As we entered the woods a side-glance showed us the Colonel pacing the terrace in solitary expectancy, and for a moment our eyes met in laughing congratulations on our escape.

We strolled on through the woods, enjoying the novel immunity from observation, and extended our walk farther than we intended.

'I am only sorry that I seem unable to make any advance in the other matter you have at heart,' I said.

'Yes,' she sighed, 'it is weary work waiting for something to turn up, when you know he is eating out his heart in his prison; but I do not see what you can do but wait.'

Some three miles down the river stands the ruined mill which goes by the name of Bessancy, though the village of the same name is a good mile farther on. In the pools by the broken weir lurk the heaviest fish of the river, and many a time had Vaurel and I harried them.

We sat for a time on the river-bank looking down the long sweeps of water, with the trees drooping into them. Then we turned to go home, and then—this happened.

I was walking by the side of mademoiselle, when a sudden slight sound behind caused me to glance backward; and then, quicker than it takes to tell, the wild figure of a man was leaping at us and striking blindly with a great rusty iron rod which he whirled with both hands.

I knew him at a glance, though he was an awful figure to look at—hair and beard and moustache all unkempt and awry, his clothes in tatters, his eyes burning like coals, no shoes on his feet—Roussel, as mad as a hatter, and bent on smashing us into pulp if he could manage it.

I stepped hastily back between him and mademoiselle, and cried, 'Run, mademoiselle!—run! I will tackle him!'

She hesitated, and then sped away, stumbling in her fright. Then the iron rod came down on my left arm, and it fell useless; but before he could hoist his weapon again I rushed in and caught him on his ragged chin with my fist. He staggered back and dropped the bar. As he recovered himself he glared wildly, gnashed his teeth, and spat at me. I thought he was coming on again; but, instead, he suddenly tossed up his hands, all red with iron-rust, and fled away down the river-bank. When I was sure he was gone for good I turned to follow mademoiselle.

She was waiting at a distance, and now came

to meet me. Her face was very white, and her eyes were suspiciously bright. We both knew it was Roussel.

The trustful, clinging contact of her trembling hand on my arm on our way back home sent my blood spinning, and I counted the delight of it cheaply bought at the price of the other arm which hung limp by my side.

Arrived at the Château, mademoiselle sent off messengers hot-foot for Prudent Vaurel and the village leech, and between them they bound up my arm and applied homely remedies for the reduction of the bruise. The bone did not seem to be broken; but for the present the arm was useless.

That done, Vaurel set off to collect the villagers for the purpose of hunting down the madman; but they were not half so keen on seeking the live man as they had been on finding his dead body. They armed themselves with hasty weapons—bill-hooks and poles and an occasional rusty sword—and set off in a noisy group, bunched well together, with Juliot the gendarme in the van. They beat all the woods in the neighbourhood of the old mill, but, as might have been expected, without any results; and they came straggling back in the dusk, somewhat crestfallen, maybe, at their want of success, but satisfied at all events that they had returned with whole skins.

So the country-side was infested with a new terror. Mademoiselle and I could take no more strolls in the farther woods, and the villagers went about after nightfall with their chins on their shoulders and cold creeps on the other side. But Prudent Vaurel spent much time by himself in the woods, and for many days no wood-pigeons appeared on the table at the Château.

The accident to my arm and the danger to which mademoiselle had been exposed caused quite a little ripple of interest in the Château.

Colonel Lepard was, I think, not ill pleased, as was perhaps only natural in him, since it was in endeavouring to avoid his company that we had fallen into what was worse, or at least more outwardly violent.

Monsieur Dieufoy was extremely sympathetic, and his shrewd eyes rather conveyed the idea that he considered I had scored in the matter.

Madame the Duchesse bore my wounds with a meek resignation which suggested that it was a dispensation of Providence at which she was not in the least surprised, and that it was more than likely that I richly deserved all I had got.

As for myself, I was well satisfied, for mademoiselle was more than ever gracious and charming, and our sense of companionship, even in the presence of the others, was warmer and sweeter than ever.

It behoved mademoiselle not to wander far afield after our encounter with Roussel, and pending definite news of his capture. Our morning walk was, therefore, once more confined to

the terrace; and, as the terrace was free to all, and Colonel Lepard made a point of being there at the same time as ourselves, we had perforce to tolerate him as best we could.

On the second day relief came unexpectedly from the outside. It was a dull, heavy day, with a threatening of thunder; and when we came out after breakfast we stood for a time looking at the strange aspect of the sky over the woods towards Besancy, from behind which the clouds were boiling up like the black smoke from a steamer's funnel.

The Colonel was on his beat already, and after a solitary stroll, in which he passed and repassed us every second minute, he halted in front of us with some remark to mademoiselle about the approaching storm, and then wheeled into line and joined us in our walk. But we had only paced the length of the terrace once, when a stranger turned the corner from the front of the house and came along to meet us. He was in military uniform; and, as he stood bowing and raising his *képi* to mademoiselle, I recognised him as the dark-faced officer who had inquired the way to the Château from Vaurel and myself that other day on the road near the village.

'Ah! it is you, my friend,' said Lepard in a tone the reverse of cordial.

'But, yes, my Colonel, it is I, myself. Won't you do me the honour of introducing me to your friends?'

It seemed to me that there was a suspicion of insolence or bravado in his voice and manner.

Lepard hesitated, and as I glanced at his face it was hard and black. Then he said, 'But, certainly!—Mademoiselle, this is Captain Zuyler of the artillery, attached to the General Staff, previously in Algiers.—Monsieur Lamont—Captain Zuyler.'

'If you will permit, mademoiselle,' said Colonel Lepard, 'we shall walk in the park. Captain Zuyler no doubt comes on business;' and, saluting us, he linked his arm in the Captain's and drew him reluctantly away in the direction of the woods.

I told mademoiselle in a few words how these two had passed Vaurel and myself that other night near the station, and of the impression their talk left on my mind, and how, if one could hide in the Colonel's pocket, one might learn many things about Gaston from what passed between those two.

She grew very thoughtful; and when at last the rain began to fall in heavy spattering gouts like the dropping fire of an advance-guard, she withdrew into the house and to her own room.

The storm came rolling up black as night over the woods, and the lightning flickered venomously among the tree-tops, throwing them into ghastly pallid relief that was almost continuous, so rapidly did the flashes follow one another.



I stood at the window watching, and as I watched I saw the figure of a man issue from the woods and come labouring along the path. Even at that distance I could see that it was the Colonel, and that he was bareheaded and in evident distress of some kind or other.

In my surprise and desire for information I started out to meet him, forgetting for the moment that I was not supposed to speak French.

Fortunately, M. Dieufoy had seen him also; and as I came out on the terrace he issued from the window of another room, and we ran together to meet the Colonel.

'Monsieur le Colonel, whatever has happened?' cried M. Dieufoy, for as we drew near we saw that his head was bruised and bleeding, and his uniform stained and of course wet through; and he staggered blindly in his walk. His face was like chalk as he looked at us, and he raised his hands and dropped them to his side as an intimation of the inexpressible.

'That devil of a madman,' he said hoarsely, 'stole upon us while we sheltered in the old mill. He struck down Zuyler with an iron beam and smashed his head in. I tried to grapple with him; but he got one blow in on me too, and then turned and ran. I could not follow, for the blow had turned me sick and dizzy.'

'And your friend?' inquired the Abbé.

'The poor Zuyler! He is dead,' said the Colonel, more hoarsely than before. '*Mon dieu*, yes! His head went like an egg-shell! He was dead when I lifted him.'

One on each side we assisted him into the house and up to his room, where I left the Abbé to attend to his injuries, while I sent for mademoiselle in order to get her to summon Vaurel and some of the villagers to seek Captain Zuyler, or what was left of him if he was really dead as the Colonel said.

Mademoiselle came down at once, and her face was still aghast at my news when two men passed along the terrace in front of the window, and mademoiselle exclaimed:

'There is Prudent now, and Juliot with him. How fortunate!'

We went out towards the front door, and the two men met us on the step. Vaurel looked savage with disgust. The gendarme was surly and obstinate.

'Listen, mademoiselle. This pig-headed Juliot wants to make out that I have murdered a man; and just simply because I found him lying there covered with blood and with the top of his head bashed in, and was trying to be of some assistance to him,' cried Vaurel.

'The man is dead,' said Juliot doggedly, 'and you were with him, and there was no one else there. *Voilà!*'

'And did you see me kill him?' asked Vaurel excitedly.

'No; because I was not there. If I had been there I should have seen.'

'Ass!' shouted Vaurel.

'That's as it may be,' said Juliot composedly.

'Send for M. l'Abbé, mademoiselle, if I may suggest it,' I said; and she ran at once herself to fetch him, while Hortense and her mother fluttered about helplessly in the rear.

M. Dieufoy came down at once with mademoiselle, and in a few quiet words explained to Juliot that he was in the wrong, since Colonel Lepard had already explained how Captain Zuyler came by his death. Juliot sulkily agreed that that quite altered the complexion of affairs; and Vaurel exulted over his downfall, and assured him that he would not forget that he had believed him, Prudent Vaurel, capable of committing a murder.

The storm was growling and rumbling overhead all this time, and it had grown very dark; and when M. Dieufoy suggested that the two should go back to bring home the Captain's body, it was not surprising, in the present state of feeling between them, that neither of them showed any inclination to do so.

Finally, mademoiselle prevailed on Vaurel to go up to the village to get assistance, and he returned with a dozen old men with torches. They could have found their way without the torches well enough, but these seemed to give them courage. Mademoiselle gave them each a glass of red wine, and they flickered away in an unsteady procession, and the woods swallowed them up; then, after a couple of hours, we saw them coming back, slowly and heavily, because they were old men and because of the burden they carried.

We sent the womenfolk away before they reached the house, and then had the body carried into a small unused room on the ground floor.

He was a horrible sight, though the heavy rain had washed away some of the more repulsive traces of the tragedy. The blows must have been terrible ones—I could imagine only too well what they were like—for the top of the head was fairly beaten in.

'God rest his soul!' said the Abbé, looking musingly down on the twisted face; 'but'—and he left his reservation incomplete.

'Did you know him, Monsieur l'Abbé?' I was tempted to ask in English.

'I knew him,' he said. 'He was not good. Still, "*de mortuis*"—you know. We will speak of him no more.'

We left Vaurel and one of the villagers to arrange him, and as we quitted the room I inquired of the Abbé how Colonel Lepard was faring.

'He is very sick,' he said; 'but his wound is a very slight one. It was much of a shock to him to have his friend beaten down before his eyes like that.'

We saw nothing of the Colonel during the next day. M. Dieufoy himself sent to Rennes for an

undertaker, and communicated the details of the affair to the authorities. On the following day the Colonel got heavily into the family carriage and followed the creaking cart which carried his

friend to the station, and then went on with the body to Paris. It seemed to me that we were in for a quiet time at the Château, and that my mission was at a standstill.

## PASTIMES IN MODERATION.

By F. G. AFLALO.



HE adoring Boswell tells us that Dr Johnson, challenged by a lady as to his reason for defining 'pastern' as the knee of a horse, promptly replied, 'Ignorance, madam—pure ignorance;' and, indeed, definition is always so invidious a task that it is pleasant to glide very rapidly over any explanation of the term 'sport' by substituting the more general 'pastime.' In the *Puritan*, for instance, a gentleman asked (and, of course, answered, else he had never asked it) the following simple question: 'Is there a single sport which is now unconnected with betting?' Obviously, to this gentleman's way of thinking, trout-fishing is not a sport, neither is fox-hunting; his notion of sport in all probability amounted to horse-racing, athletics, and possibly yachting. Others are as arbitrary in restricting the application of the word to the taking of animal life—to shooting, fishing, hunting, and the like. By the word 'pastimes,' however, I venture to indicate not alone these two distinct groups of recreations, but also such games as cricket, football, and golf, and such physical exercises as boxing, wrestling, and gymnastics.

Nor is the definition of the word 'sportsman' one whit clearer. The word is in any case applied at the present day with a carelessness by no means gratifying to those who take sport seriously. Knickerbockers and rainbow stockings make neither a crack shot nor a good fisher; nor are white boots and peaked cap essential elements of yachting lore. A man is not necessarily a sportsman because he loses money on a horse-race, or because he sits for seven hours in the mound stand at Lord's. Fox is English for *Reinecke*, and hare is every whit as good a word as puss; and a sportsman is not made by talking of 'willow' when he means a cricket-bat, 'pig-skin' when he would speak of riding, or 'leather-hunting' as a picturesque equivalent of fielding the cricket-ball. Eccentric dress and outrageous slang are quite unnecessary to the proper cultivation of true sport; nor is the censorious cant of sundry enthusiasts anything short of inelegant and the reverse of sportsman-like. The intolerance of the shooting-man who looks down on angling, or of the hunting-man who has but a shrug for either, is only a shade less ludicrous than the dogmatic fastidiousness of the salmon-fisher who shuns, as he might a leper, the drabber for barbel, or of the knight of the dry fly who spurns the squire of the wet.

The object of the following notes is, as will be seen, no unqualified attack or defence of our pastimes, either generally or individually, but rather a brief review of the arguments for moderation and against excess. The fact is that moderation and excess have the same relations in all questions affecting sports and pastimes as they have in every other episode of life. Cricket is undoubtedly a good thing; but we can have too much even of a good thing, and we can certainly have too much of cricket on the news-posters when such classical announcements as that 'Surrey ducks are cheap to-day,' or 'Essex eggs plentiful,' or, again, 'Ranji bothers 'em,' are permitted by those responsible to oust into small print and footnotes the grave affairs of State, the troubles in China, or the deliberations of Parliament. What must be the feelings of a respectable and intelligent foreigner as, groping carefully in the columns of his pocket dictionary, he seeks in vain some reasonable explanation of those startling manifestoes that set men and lads a-diving in their trousers-pockets for halfpence. The spectacle of thoroughbred horses racing for all they are worth over the flat is as noble a one as any man might wish to see; but betting, particularly on the part of those who never go within ten miles of a race-course, is not noble (whatever else it may be), nor are the ghouls who fatten on 'tips' that they are unfortunately able (at half-a-crown the line) to advertise in respectable papers; and reformatories might do much for the urchins that make London streets hideous throughout the afternoon with their eternal shriek of 'Winner!' Angling, again, has rightly been styled the contemplative man's recreation; but his thoughts should be on the beauties of nature and not on the weight of challenge trophies. Shooting is a wonderful training for eye and hand, a school of the first order for endurance and precision; but it cannot be desirable that Londoners should add half-a-sovereign to the expenses of their fortnight's holiday for the privilege of maiming seagulls, nor that mighty hunters should gratify their lust by extinguishing whole genera of harmless and beautiful antelopes. Game preservation may imply the payment of many thousands of pounds in wages, the supply of cheap and wholesome food to the market, the salvation of much imposing scenery from the woodcutting Philistines who deface their country for small gain; but enormous bags and fashionable shoots, with the accompany-

ing fearful abuse of the tipping system, leave much to be desired.

Those who will not see two sides to a question are disqualified from discussing it, and one of two counts must fearlessly be faced by all who would undertake any defence of sport on general lines. The animal sports will always be open to the charge, more or less sustained, of cruelty; the athletics will as certainly have to be cleared of the not unfounded slur of commercialism.

The dangers and risks entailed by various sports on those who follow them may be employed in either support or condemnation of the sports themselves, according to the point of view. Considered apart from pure accident, danger is usually the result of excess; and accident, having no rule, should not in the very nature of it enter into any argument. Thus, two fatal accidents at the National Sporting Club since its opening nine years ago,\* two or three deaths in the cricket-field, a longer roll unfortunately at football, and even grimmer records in the hunting-field and coverts—these may perhaps constitute some argument against carelessness in sport, but surely not against sport itself. Fatalities with dangerous game arise not merely out of shooting, but out of shooting badly; and even in the gentler environment of the grouse moor or partridge shoot at home, far too little care is given to the proper handling of a gun in the intervals of shooting—a knowledge of considerably greater importance to all concerned than the mere accuracy of aim that occupies all the attention of nine shooting-men out of every ten.

A mild impeachment of sport is sometimes founded on the ailments induced by athletic exercise. Here again it is excess that is invariably to blame. Thus, rowing will soon find out a tendency to weak heart, but will not, I fancy, weaken a sound one. Dr Morgan shows, in his *University Oars*, that Oxford and Cambridge rowing-men survive the boat-race by forty years or more. Too much rowing may undoubtedly bring on staleness and lassitude; but all that is required to set matters right again is a rest. Cycling will, if overdone, be productive of much discomfort. The cyclist who scorches and then slacks will catch cold; and the cyclist who rides too far will suffer fatigue and nervous worry. Sleeplessness, particularly after a bout of night-riding, will follow the strain, always present though not always consciously felt, of steering. It should, however, be borne in mind by those who none too fairly attribute the narrow-chestedness and curvity of spine seen in so many bicyclists to the pastime itself, that the cycling fraternity is largely recruited from the sedentary classes. As for the much-discussed stooping attitude of the racing cyclist, it would be so difficult for him to race efficiently

with compressed lungs that it may be questioned whether this position can affect the lungs in such a degree as alleged. Carelessness or excess in the cyclist may be supplemented by faults in the machine; and a badly-constructed or wrongly-adjusted saddle placed too far forward may, I believe, especially in riding long distances on hard roads, induce local irritation and injury.

Shooting, of course, is an arduous exercise not slow to find out weak points, and it may bring on deafness, and also injury to the eyes. The deafness in the left ear, which is particularly severe in the case of revolver-shooting, with the sharper report of nitro powders, is said—so Mr Walter Winans informs me—to fall less heavily on those who keep the mouth open while shooting. The eye may also suffer from burnt particles, especially when nitro powders are shot against the wind. Nor is the hand quite free from penalty. The late Sir Henry Halford considered that rifle-shooting had a tendency to deform the fingers permanently; but those who habitually handle a gun are not likely to experience more than a permanent sore on the front of the forefinger of the right hand and a lump on the inside of the second finger. The taking of chills by those deerstalkers who run themselves into a perspiration and then get chilled to the marrow on a bleak hill-top cannot fairly be charged against the rifle. It is possible to achieve the same result by fast walking and unwise resting without any gun at all.

Any game practised in moderation must in a great degree command praise as an outdoor exercise: cricket and football in their respective seasons, golf at all times for the middle-aged who are no longer equal to the fatigue of cricket or the horseplay of football, or for those of younger years who prefer taking their exercise alone or in select company. The popularity of a game is a test of its cheapness rather than of any other excellence. Cricket and football are essentially the people's sports; tennis, rackets, and polo are the pastimes of the few; lawn-tennis and croquet, admirable institutions from a certain standpoint, are preferred by the gentle; and golf has, curiously enough considering the slight expenditure it entails, never, at any rate outside Scotland, taken a strong hold on those of very limited income, but has, both east and west of the Atlantic, and both north and south of the equator, fired only the more or less moneyed class. The secret of this limited popularity of golf in many countries is possibly to be sought in the lack of opportunity for competition before sedentary spectators; and this brings the argument to two somewhat important factors in the history of British pastimes—the looker-on and competition.

It can scarcely be denied that looking-on constitutes at the present day about nine-tenths of our so-called sport. The quaint misuse of the term 'sportsman,' already adumbrated, which permits its application to every one who shirks work to watch

\* Mr Angle, the well-known authority on boxing, tells me that he has acted as referee and judge at quite three thousand contests and competitions, and has not seen a third.

a cricket match or glove-fight need not perhaps detain us.

The looker-on suggests by his very presence competition, professionalism, gate-money, gambling, and a number of more or less disagreeable issues of sport on which the unchecked pen might overrun some folios of praise and many of blame. It is a present-day belief that competition is in itself a desirable condition of trade and politics and all else, having maybe evils of its own, but not the greater evils of monopoly; hurting perchance the weaker individual, but ultimately working for the greatest good of the majority. Within very wide limits indeed, modern states are chary of interfering in its free and legitimate operation. In altruistic mood, I bow to the doctrine. But, like cricket, patriotism, and some other British virtues, it is best in moderation. Competition is a good servant but a shocking master; as a fetich, it becomes one of the most baneful principles fostered by modern conditions of sport. When the success is everything and the effort nothing; where the play is made little of and the result is all-important, there look out for the decay of the true spirit of sport. Smart practice in football, judgment exaggerated to calculation in cricket, and far worse coggery than either in horse-racing—such are the outward results of so disagreeable a preference. International fixtures are the best illustration of this competitive spirit in sport at both its best and its worst; and the year 1899 furnished abundance of example in the Australian test-matches, the Anglo-American University sports, and the struggle for the American Cup. The system of cricket matches played alternately on famous grounds at home and in the colonies is in itself excellent; but the unsportsmanlike partisanship of some onlookers and newspaper critics in this country during last summer, their ridiculous quest (in the phase of the moon or what not) for any reason but the right one of each draw or defeat, was rather worthy of schoolboys at Lord's; nor is it any consolation to have witnessed precisely the same bad form at Sydney and Melbourne. Nor can the veil be too hurriedly drawn over the disagreeable comments of an irresponsible press on the last cricketing tour in America. The annual repetition of the Anglo-American University sports, so successfully inaugurated and so keenly contested in 1898, would be admirable as a further bond between the great English-speaking nations; but such gallant and friendly rivalry should be marred by no ill-feeling, no dogmatic contrast of the amateur standards on either side of the Atlantic. In like manner our tenth failure during the last half-century to bring the yachting cup back to British waters might have been borne without so much of innuendo and hint of racing machines, of one-sided rules, of crowded course. If we do not approve the rules, why in the name of the fleet of Hiram of Tyre do we race under them? Such fixtures, unless they draw the English-speaking nations closer

together, were better abandoned. Sir Thomas Lipton's frank confession that the better man won was in pleasing contrast with some other criticisms.

It may surely be possible that the excessive cultivation of this passion for international trials of skill may be productive of no good, if not of some harm. Not very much can be said on this score against the recent visit of English footballers to three German cities, save that the unequal contests were a foregone conclusion. Football is not a game of German root, and the student of pastimes usually finds—and baseball and lacrosse, so popular on one side of the Atlantic, so coolly received on the other, admirably illustrate the point—that a process of selection has, in the evolution of games, established each on the soil and among the people best adapted to its popularity. On the disgusting exhibition last autumn of *boxe v. savate*, in which a foul was apparently adjudged a victory, it is undesirable to say more than absolutely to condemn from the utilitarian point of view such futile attempts to equate two styles of national self-defence that can never, at any rate under such conditions, be reduced to comparable terms.

I must now return for a moment to the question of sport as a means of livelihood, with the accompanying complications arising out of doubtful amateurism and the general prostitution of sport to commerce. The elementary condition of sport is amusement as distinct from gain. Now, here comes the very quicksand of the whole excursion into the realms of argument. The difficulty may not be shirked; but there can be no reason for handling it with wanton clumsiness, or for the favourite habit of critics falling foul of the amateur-professional question with the antics of the bull in the china shop. There are, as we know, professional cricketers, footballers, bicycle-riders, and ivory-hunters who avowedly make a living out of pursuits followed by others for pure and unprofitable amusement. They are not, therefore, necessarily sportsmen; but the bare fact of their subsisting by one sport should by no means preclude the possibility of their being *bonâ-fide* amateurs of another. Abel might very well be a perfectly genuine amateur yachtsman, and Tom Richardson might equally well play amateur croquet. These individuals present no difficulty whatever. But there are others who are, on evidence of various worth, alleged to live less openly by their strength and skill. The cricketing secretary and the footballing schoolmaster are cases in point that I content myself with citing, only too thankful that the terms of the editorial invitation permit me to avoid any analysis of their claims to the amateur status. Apart, however, from such entire devotion to any game as a means of living, avowed or otherwise, another aspect of the connection between money and sport invites contemplation. It may perhaps be asserted without fear of contradiction that not two men



in a hundred who seriously take up horse-racing or pigeon-shooting make a profit of their hobby over any considerable number of years. It may, however, for the sake of argument, be supposed that one in the hundred does come out to the good. Yet this constitutes no earthly reason for assailing his amateur status. I do not, of course, refer to gains or losses through betting on the turf. Given the means to indulge so curious a fancy, and an independent love of horses and racing for their own sake, betting should be able to stand a good deal of attack. On the other hand, those who merely put money on outsiders without ever going near a race-course are not sportsmen, but merely gamblers; the most painful illustration of this class being found in the Australian labouring man, two-thirds of whose weekly pittance is claimed by the totalisator shops.

One word more, reverting to the onlooker in another phase. It is the fashion to abuse horse-racing on the score of the indifferent company that gathers round the course. Viewed dispassionately, this has simply nothing to do with the ethics of racing. Cutpurses and coiners are just as likely to forgather in their spare time on the line of route followed by a wedding, a funeral, a Lord Mayor's show, or any other spectacle of beauty or interest. It is the business of the hawks to assemble near the pigeons; and a glorious work of art in a shop window affords just as excellent opportunities to the discriminating pickpocket as any race-course.

The value of our pastimes in education is a theme that cannot, after all that has gone before, be entered into. 'Moderation, moderation,' saith (or ought to say) the teacher. The healthy discipline of training and a self-denying diet and regular living cannot well be overrated on paper, yet it is not for a man to train himself into a mere record-breaking machine. School sports are admirable, and to Cheltenham College belongs the credit, I believe, of having started them nearly half-a-century ago—that is to say, ten years before the inauguration of the Oxford and Cambridge sports, and five-and-twenty years before the inception of the Amateur Athletic Association. On the grumble of 'play-masters,' who get educational posts on the strength of their cricket or football, others

have said their say; and compulsory school-games, which the late Mr Grant Allen somewhere compared to the hard conditions of the civilised life, have also been defended as the only sure antidote to loafing. And the loafer is neither morally nor physically a success either at school or in after-life. Even walking, made so much of as an exercise, may easily degenerate into mere loafing. If the loafer can put his thoughts into such language as Thoreau, much will be forgiven him; but the 'if' is a big one. Public-school masters have warmly attacked, and Lord Rosebery has warmly defended, the physical education cultivated beyond a very moderate degree; and Dr Welldon's firm refusal to extend the Eton and Harrow cricket match by the extra day, deemed necessary to put a stop to the unbroken monotony of undecided fixtures, has been interpreted as a protest against the undue attention to the result and the immoderate idolising of school athletics. Yet it is not all a matter of only physical training, for the majority of games are played at least as much with the head as with the hands and feet, judgment being often of greater importance than strength or skill. Gymnastics perhaps, at any rate in their simpler exercises, cannot be said to fall under this category, though they have other features to recommend them in the educational system.

In the vindication of sport, yet by no means in unqualified praise of all its phases, it would be easy to ramble on over a whole number of *Chamber's Journal*. Let me, in taking leave of the subject, venture the hope that some of the more picturesque sports that once occupied the leisured classes may ere long see a revival in this country. The theatrical pageantry of the chase, still revered in some almost feudal districts on the Continent, will never appeal to a British public. Yet the old French kings knew well that the hunt was the finest training for the battlefield; and the French *chasseurs* and German *jägers* are survivals of an age when sport was a monopoly of kings and warriors, and was pursued under the most spectacular conditions; and we have surely gone to the other extreme, and permitted the more picturesque sports of hawking and archery to fall almost into oblivion. This is matter for sincere regret.

## THE BISHOP AND THE CONSTABLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

**M**EANWHILE the two young men had entered the sitting-room in which Katie and Helen had so recently been conversing. Had they arrived a few minutes sooner the curious complications which ensued would never have taken place. If they had suspected for a moment that the girls were at the

inn they would certainly have done so, for, singularly enough, they happened to be the very persons whose prospects and shortcomings had been so frankly discussed. The fair-haired clergyman was Katie's *fiancé*, the Reverend Frank Ambrose, and his companion was Mr Arthur Dale, a briefless but wealthy barrister, who aspired to become engaged to the Bishop's niece.

Ambrose looked around him with the air of one familiar with his surroundings.

'This is the place I told you about,' he said. 'I propose we send for our traps, and stay here for a few days. In fact, I took it for granted that you wouldn't object, and so I told the folks at home to send on my letters here. Still, if you've any objection'—

'No, no,' rejoined Arthur, with a sigh; 'it's all the same to me. I may as well stay here as anywhere else.'

Ambrose chuckled.

'Poor fellow!' said he, with a grin. 'No word from Helen yet—eh?'

'No,' replied Arthur drearily. 'Helen declines to write to me until I have secured her uncle's consent to our engagement.'

'What a model pair you are!' laughed Ambrose. 'Well, why don't you set about getting his consent? You know that the Bishop and the girls are staying at the Dean of Southpool's. Why not run over in the morning, and ask him in plain English to give his consent?'

Arthur shook his head mournfully.

'I daren't, Frank—to tell you the simple truth, I daren't,' he answered. 'So much depends on it, you see, and I've a presentiment that he won't be favourably impressed by me. I'm not like you. I've no push. When I meet a man for the first time I become semi-inarticulate. I generally impress a new acquaintance with the profound conviction that I am a fool. I want to choose a favourable time for meeting him—when he's in an exceptionally good humour, for instance, or the circumstances seem unusually promising.'

'Well, he's apt to judge by first impressions; so I'm told,' said Ambrose. 'I'm afraid I didn't make a very favourable impression on him, or he'd have offered me that living before now.'

'But what about your family living? Is there no chance of Jenkins resigning?'

'Not the slightest. And the venerable Jenkins—bless him!—is an evergreen. Ten years ago, when my father gave him the living, he was apparently in the last stages of consumption. Now he's fat and jolly and rosy, and good for another twenty years yet. Besides, to speak seriously, he's an awfully decent old fellow, and none of us would ever dream of asking him to resign.'

'And what are your prospects with regard to the Bishop's living?'

'Not so bad, I think. You see, I flatter myself that I know how to keep on the right side of him. I'll give you an instance, if it won't bore you.'

'Fire away.'

'Well, I had a sort of notion that I should like to doff my clerical toggery when I was away for my holidays. It struck me that the Bishop mightn't approve, and so I wrote to him. Got a reply by return. Care to see it?'

Arthur nodded, and Ambrose took a note from

his pocket and threw it towards him. This was the Bishop's verdict on the momentous question of clergymen wearing laymen's clothes:

'Speaking personally, I have the strongest possible objection to the clergy appearing in laymen's clothes. There are black sheep in every flock, and the black sheep might take advantage of the greater freedom such a practice might give them. To the best of my knowledge, I have no black sheep in my diocese; but I am bound to say that I could not repeat that statement with a clear conscience if I knew that any of my clergy were in the habit of dressing as laymen. You are, of course, at liberty to follow your own wishes in the matter; but you are now well acquainted with mine.'

'Pretty straight—isn't it?' asked Frank as Arthur handed him back the note.

'Yes, it is. Did you reply to it?'

'Certainly. I told him that, in spite of all temptations, I should figure in canonical raiment to the end of my days. The fact is that it's only in weather like this that I object to do so. Ah, my dear fellow! you don't know how I envy you those flannels of yours. You look so delightfully cool and comfortable, and I feel so warm and shabby, and all that sort of thing—don't you know? I say, just for the fun of the thing, let me have your cap and blazer and things, and try on my coat and vest. I'd like to see what sort of a parson you'd make.'

'All right,' rejoined Arthur, with the air of one who humours the harmless caprices of a child; 'but look here, you know, remember the Bishop is somewhere in the neighbourhood. Suppose he should drop in?'

'Pooh! No fear of that. Come along,' answered Frank, who, like many men who have to take life seriously, was inclined to be somewhat boyish in his hours of recreation. He threw off his coat and vest as he spoke; and, though it struck Arthur as being rather an idiotic proceeding, he followed his example, and in a few seconds they had made the exchange.

'Upon my word, you look first-rate,' exclaimed Ambrose, surveying his friend with a grin. 'Here, put on my hat and spectacles, and don't forget the collar. That's it. Good man. You'd make an ideal curate. How jolly it is to get into this toggery again! I must have a turn on the river before we change.'

They stood looking at each other and smiling at the comical transformation which the change of dress had effected, unconscious that keen and suspicious eyes were watching them through the partially-open doorway, and that their harmless if somewhat absurd proceedings had implanted a firm conviction in the breast of Mary the waitress that they were a couple of impudent swindlers. It was really not to be wondered at that Mary had no longer the least doubt that her suspicions were correct; for when Arthur had assumed

Frank's coat, vest, collar, hat, and spectacles, his resemblance to the criminal described in the letter to the editor of the *Higgleston Herald* was so exact that it might well have deceived one more wary than an enthusiastic amateur detective, stimulated by rosy visions of matrimonial bliss. In imagination she already saw Jewson ascending the ladder of promotion, and heard the pealing of the church bells celebrating their wedding. She could not hear the conversation which accompanied the exchange of clothes; and it never entered her head that two grown men, one of them a clergyman, would indulge in such a proceeding for the mere fun of the thing. Her heart beat high with hope as she glided stealthily away. Jewson's name would be in all the papers in the morning; and if he achieved fame and promotion it would be due to the promptitude with which she had detected the swindlers and packed off the boy to warn him.

In the meantime the young clergyman, attired in his friend's gay blazer, crimson tie, and boating cap—serenely unconscious of Mary's suspicions, of the hurried flight of the boy who was still urging his wild career in the direction of the police station, and of the presence of his lordship in the immediate neighbourhood—was laughing jovially at Arthur's appearance, and admiring the effect of his own costume in the mirror above the mantelpiece. Yet at that very moment the boy caught sight of Jewson's massive form in the distance; and up the path to the inn, though not in view of the window, strolled Katie, Helen, and the Bishop. Katie was radiant with smiles, for his lordship had at last given her a hint that he would at once write a note to Frank offering him the living of Little Southam.

It was Arthur, always anxious to observe the proprieties, who was the first to take alarm.

'Hush!' he exclaimed. 'I hear voices in the hall.'

'What does it matter?' replied Ambrose. 'It's only a few sightseers.'

'Suppose they come in here?'

'Who cares if they do?'

'They're coming, man,' said Arthur nervously. 'Be sensible. Let's change at once.'

'No, no; I'm too jolly comfortable. Besides, I want to see you play the parson. I wouldn't let you off now if it were the Bishop himself.'

Now, at that very moment the rich mellow voice of his lordship was heard in the passage outside. 'How interesting it is to revisit the scenes of one's youth!' he was saying. 'I have not been here since I was quite a young man. I think you have a room overlooking the river. We will wait there while you are getting the young ladies a cup of tea.'

At the sound of the Bishop's voice Ambrose turned crimson and was seized with a ludicrous and uncontrollable panic. There was no time to effect an exchange, and an explanation of the

absurd transfer of costume seemed impossible. The open window suggested flight as the only possible means of evading a ridiculous and embarrassing situation, and through it he darted. Arthur made a feeble effort to follow him; but before he could circle round the long mahogany table the door was swung open by the landlady, and the Bishop and the young ladies came in.

The Bishop was a tall, powerfully built, well-preserved man of sixty, clean shaved, with a square chin, deep-set eyes, bushy brows, aquiline nose, and thin lips—a kindly but evidently austere man, just the kind of person to give any one who displeased him a very bad quarter of an hour.

'Yes,' he remarked, 'this is the room I spoke of. You will bring the tea as soon as possible, please.'

'Yes, my lord,' said the landlady deferentially, and disappeared.

Spectacles on nose, hat on head, with a clerical coat, vest, and collar, and a pair of white flannel pants, the unfortunate Arthur shrank into the shadiest corner of the room, and remained for the time being unrecognised by the girls. The Bishop sat down by the table, and his eye falling upon the scrap of newspaper which Jewson had left, he picked it up and began to read it, glancing suspiciously at Arthur, who sat palpitating in the corner with his hat on. At length he rose, and, moving to the window, looked out, casting sidelong glances at the unfortunate young man, his eyes lingering on the hat and the white flannel pants in a way that made Arthur blush to the roots of his hair. For a few moments there was an embarrassing silence. The laughter of happy youth and the musical splash of oars stole in through the open window.

'This is a charming neighbourhood,' said the Bishop at length, sitting down immediately opposite his victim and surveying him leisurely.

'Yes—yes—extremely so,' stammered Arthur, acutely conscious that the girls started and stared at the sound of his voice; 'plenty of nice walks and—and drives—and—then—then the river, you know—first-rate boating.'

The poor young man was reduced by agitation and embarrassment to a state verging on imbecility. Here was the opportunity he had been longing for, the opportunity of meeting his lordship and producing a favourable impression upon him, and he was despairingly conscious that his preposterous costume and incoherent speech were calculated to make the Bishop conclude that he was only a few degrees removed from a mild species of lunatic. His lordship eyed him curiously.

'Yes,' he remarked, with a severe glance at Arthur's white flannel pants, 'I should think the boating must be very enjoyable. You have a living here, I presume?'

'N—no. I can hardly aspire to that,' stuttered Arthur.

'A curate, I suppose?'

'Well—well—not exactly.'

'Not exactly! Are you in holy orders?'

'Well—hardly.'

'Ah!' said the Bishop significantly.

'The fact is,' exclaimed Arthur desperately, 'that I am not a clergyman at all.'

The Bishop rose with a very severe expression.

'I am not surprised to hear it,' said he. 'I should have judged so from your appearance and manner. I can only hope that your reasons for assuming this dress will bear examination better than one is necessarily led to suppose.'

The Bishop being the one person in the world that Arthur was most anxious to propitiate, he made one last desperate effort to avert his displeasure.

'I—I am conscious, my lord,' said he, 'that—that my conduct must appear to you suspicious; but I assure you that my appearance in this dress is merely the result of a joke.'

The Bishop's eyebrows went up.

'A joke!'

'Yes; not a judicious but a perfectly harmless one. I came here to meet a friend—a clergyman. We are very old friends—and—and just for the fun of the thing, we—we changed clothes. He wanted to see what I should look

like—don't you see?—in his clothes, you understand?'

'And your friend—where is he?' asked his lordship dubiously.

'I—I don't know,' stammered Arthur. 'That is to say, he's gone—he went away.'

'So it appears,' said the Bishop dryly. 'I am acquainted with a great many clergymen. Will you oblige me with your friend's name?'

The name had almost escaped Arthur's lips, when behind the Bishop he caught a glimpse of Katie shaking her head vigorously with her finger to her lips. Then all that Ambrose had said about the Bishop's objection to his clergy appearing in laymen's clothes flashed across his mind, and he realised that to mention Frank's name might seriously interfere with his chances of preferment.

'No,' said he desperately, 'I can't do that. It would be breach of confidence.'

'Ah!' rejoined the Bishop in a very suggestive tone, and turned his back on him.

'I am going to write the note I spoke to you about, Miss Leslie,' he said to Katie as he moved towards the door. 'I shall be back in a few moments.'

As the door closed behind the Bishop, Arthur found himself confronted by the bewildered and indignant girls.

## ROMANTIC EDINBURGH.



VERY true Scotsman, according to Alexander Smith, believes Edinburgh to be the most picturesque city in the world. After the roar of London, there is something almost village-like, clean, and orderly, 'secluded, almost quiescent,' in its streets. A gallant Frenchman, after a bird's-eye view of the town in 1896, went home and told the Parisians in a certain newspaper that it was worthy of comparison with Rome and Athens as a royal city, a national capital, and a literary and artistic centre, for which Nature had done more than art. This last statement no one will deny. The scolding administered to builders and architects by Mr Ruskin in his Philosophical Institution lectures in November 1853 has apparently made slight impression on these gentlemen or the public. Those who were responsible for laying out the New Town more than a hundred years ago had a very definite plan, which they followed out in stone and lime; since then, mainly within the past thirty or forty years, what R. L. Stevenson calls the 'infuriate zeal of builders' has created another Edinburgh in and around the suburbs, which more resembles chaos than cosmos as far as any general plan is concerned; but nothing that the hand of man has done or will do can destroy

the more picturesque features of the place, whether viewed from the heart of the city—the North Bridge or Calton Hill, from Arthur's Seat, Blackford, the Braids, Corstorphine Hill, or the slopes of the more distant Pentlands. It is still 'mine own romantic town' of Sir Walter Scott, whether seen from those points of vantage, at sunrise or

Still and fair

With mournfulness of sunset air;

or, as Alexander Smith saw it from Wardie:

High in heaven, wan,  
Towered, templed, metropolitan,  
Waited upon by hills,  
River, and widespread ocean, tinged  
By April light, or draped and fringed  
As April vapour wills,  
Thou hangest, like a Cyclop's dream,  
High in the shifting weather-gleam.

Fair art thou when above thy head  
The mistless firmament is spread;  
But when the twilight screen  
Draws glimmering round thy towers and spires,  
And thy lone bridge, uncrowned by fires,  
Hangs in the dim ravine,  
Thou art a very Persian tale—  
Oh, Mirza's vision! Bagdad's vale!

From a huddle of houses aspiring skyward, within the city walls and mainly built on the



great central ridge between the Castle and Holyrood, the town burst its boundaries more than a century ago, when the occupied area outside speedily grew greater than that inside the town proper. The population has multiplied itself by three since 1792, while the circumference of the city, which was then about seven miles, and sparsely peopled in the outskirts, before last extension was nine and two-third miles; now, with Portobello and many suburbs in the latest extension, it is nearer twenty-one miles.

Robert Chambers reminds us that the desire to beautify Edinburgh first displayed itself in a practical way during the provostship of George Drummond, who certainly deserved the best monument that the citizens could rear to him. Instead, he reared his own memorials—for the public good mainly—in the old North Bridge (1763), whereby old Edinburgh escaped northwards, and became a larger and new Edinburgh; in founding the Royal Exchange, the Royal Infirmary, and five professorships in the university. He was six times Lord Provost ere he was laid to rest in Canongate Churchyard; and a substantial foundation had then been made for an improved Edinburgh. Drummond Place, in the New Town, recalls the fact that his house of Drummond Lodge once stood there.

Scott, in looking eastwards along Princes Street, used to complain of the ugly mass of buildings clustered at each end of the North Bridge. That reproach is now removed: a new North Bridge spans the valley above the Waverley Station, and the buildings on the line of the main street are worthy of the reputation of Edinburgh. About half-a-million of money has been spent on the Waverley Station alone by the North British Railway Company; so that, if it is not the finest, it is at least the largest station in the United Kingdom, covering twenty-three acres of ground. Great railway hotels are rising at both the east and west end of Princes Street. The electric-light and cable-tramways have been successfully introduced. St Giles' Cathedral has been restored by William Chambers. Thanks to an American millionaire, Mr Andrew Carnegie, a handsome Free Public Library has been planted in George IV. Bridge. The spacious and ornate McEwan Hall at the New University Buildings is also due to private beneficence; so is the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Queen Street, the gift of John Ritchie Findlay of the *Scotsman*. As yet the hundred thousand pounds left by a wealthy distiller have not found a local investment and a name as the Usher Public Hall. The Braid Hills and Blackford and the Arboretum and Botanic Gardens are public parks that any town might envy, and which the inhabitants certainly use and enjoy; while the stranger introduced for the first time to some of the many golf-courses in the neighbourhood might conclude that a large section of the community were wholly

given over to the pastime of golf in their leisure hours.

This does not by any means exhaust the city improvements. William Chambers during his term of provostship inaugurated a city improvement scheme which opened up and widened streets in the overcrowded parts of the Old Town, and lessened the death-rate. This process has been continued in a modified way by his successors. There is a new National Observatory on the Blackford Hills. The Water of Leith purification scheme has rendered that stream innocuous to health. Improvements have been carried out in the municipal buildings at the Royal Exchange; but Edinburgh's City Chambers are far from being so extensive and imposing as the suite of civic buildings in Glasgow. New County Buildings are to be erected at the north-east corner of George IV. Bridge. The old slaughter-houses were found to be a nuisance and dangerous to health when situated at the Nor' Loch, and it is now suggested that the present slaughter-house in Fountainbridge and the Cattle Market in Lauriston, where a new Fire Brigade Station has been erected, be removed outside the town radius. The Royal Infirmary of Lord Provost Drummond has, on another site, grown to the enormous piles between the Meadows and Lauriston; and about a quarter of a million is being spent upon a hospital for infectious diseases, the red stone pavilions of which are rising at Colinton Mains, to the south-west of Morningside. A new Asylum for the Insane crowns Craig House Hill, in the old mansion of which John Hill Burton wrote his *History of Scotland*. Nor has the water-supply been neglected. The first spring-water was brought from Comiston—a district then three and a half miles south-west of the town, but which has been largely compassed by the embracing arms of the city—to Edinburgh, in a leaden pipe of three-inch bore, in 1681. The size of pipe had to be increased in 1772, in 1787, and again in 1790, when Swanston springs were annexed. Specimens of early wooden water-pipes—merely hollowed tree-stems—may be seen in the Town Museum. Early in the century, in 1821, recourse was had to the Crawley springs at Glen-corse; and, later, further supplies were sought both north and south of the Pentlands. The Moorfoot scheme of 1870 was still deemed insufficient, and now the great Talla scheme is in progress, to bring into the city the waters of the moorland Talla, a tributary of the Tweed, about forty miles distant, which will be equal to a supply of eight million gallons a day for a population of two hundred and fifty-four thousand. The gasworks, too, will be removed from the Canongate district to the open space west of Granton; while the Suburban Branch of the North British Railway has eased the congestion of traffic at the Waverley Station. Save, therefore, for the natural features, and the High Street, Canongate, and Cowgate, it is a new Edinburgh we look upon to-day.

Mr Ruskin has complained of the monotony of the architecture of Queen Street, York Place, and Picardy Place, where he counted six hundred and seventy-eight windows each exactly after the same design. The decorations of Edinburgh were as monotonous to him as the 'simplicities.' He asked how many Corinthian and Doric columns were in the banks and public institutions exactly like the others. So much did he feel this monotony that, walking along George Street, he pictured the visitor longing for some opening north or south to let in the lustre of the Firth of Forth or the rugged outline of the Castle. 'Take away,' he says, 'the sea-waves and the dark basalt, and I fear you would find little to interest you in George Street itself.' The general character of Edinburgh buildings at the height of the eye he describes as 'nothing but square-cut stone—square-cut stone—a wilderness of square-cut stone for ever and for ever; so that your houses look like prisons, and truly are so.' At the same time, he alleges that, of all cities in the British Islands, Edinburgh is the one which presents most advantages for the display of a noble building and suffers most from the erection of a commonplace one. Although a seeming contradiction, he has further said that, 'as far as I am acquainted with modern architecture, I am aware of no streets which, in simplicity and manliness of style, or general breadth and brightness of effect, equal those of the New Town of Edinburgh.'

The inhabitant of Edinburgh may be all the better of knowing that a residence there 'is an education in itself. Its beauty refines one like being in love. What a poem is that Princes Street!' According to the same authority, the finest view from the interior is that obtained from the corner of St Andrew Street, looking west. Even finer is that from beside the Burns Monument, Calton Hill, looking towards the Castle. The best of all recent books on the town is *Romantic Edinburgh* (Sands & Co.), by John Geddie, of the *Scotsman*. Mr Geddie, who is a pleasant, well-informed guide to the present and past of Edinburgh, starts from the North Bridge and gives a picture of Old Edinburgh just as the town was beginning to expand northwards. He shows us the Nor' Loch, the High Street, the Castle Hill, Lawnmarket, Netherbow, Canon-gate, Holyrood, and conducts us round the old Flodden Wall, describing the New Town and suburbs, Leith, and Portobello. It is thoroughly interesting, well informed, well written, and exceedingly suggestive. One feels that with double the space at the author's command he could have more than doubled our pleasure and information. The pictures by Mr Patrick are very helpful to the letterpress. This is the best modern book on Edinburgh since R. L. Stevenson's *Picturesque Notes*, and is blessed with an excellent index.

A certain Charles R. Guy Hall, London, has mentioned that none of the Continental views he

has seen are 'in any way to be compared with the combined variety of seascape, landscape, and, if I may be permitted the expression, architectural-landscape which is to be witnessed in all its unrivalled grandeur from the altitude known as Arthur Seat.' Thomas Carlyle, when a student in Edinburgh, and later, was not entirely complimentary to the town and its people. For him the town was sometimes the 'dullest and the poorest and on the whole paltriest of places. I cannot remember that I have heard one sentence with true meaning in it uttered since I came here.' There is, however, a perfect gem of a description in one of his early letters to his brother John, written in 1821, which might gratify our London admirer of the view from Arthur's Seat. Scott's classical passage giving the view of Edinburgh from Blackford Hill is well known, as well as his fine reference to Salisbury Crags in the *Heart of Midlothian*; so is that chapter of R. L. Stevenson's describing the view from Swanston; but this early effort of the greatest word-painter of the century is not quite current coin: 'Arthur's Seat, a mountain close beside me, where the atmosphere is pure as a diamond, and the prospect grander than any you ever saw. The blue, majestic, everlasting ocean, with the Fife hills swelling gradually into the Grampians behind it on the north; rough crags and rude precipices at our feet ("where not a hillock rears its head unsung"), with Edinburgh at their base, clustering proudly over her rugged foundations, and covering with a vapoury mantle the jagged, black, venerable masses of stonework that stretch far and wide and show like a city of fairyland. There's for you, man! I saw it all last evening, when the sun was going down, and the moon's fine crescent (like a pretty silver creature as it is) was riding quietly above me. Such a sight does one good.' Even while Carlyle was writing this we are reminded of an old Edinburgh custom: he heard the watchman chant 'Ha-alf-pa-ast twelve' (A.M.). Professor Syme, in driving young John Brown (Rab) over the west shoulder of Corstorphine Hill, said, 'John, we'll do one thing at a time, and there will be no talk.' John recalled the view thirty years afterwards. A garrulous companion is out of place in such expeditions.

Very notable, too, is Carlyle's attempt to reconstruct the Edinburgh of James I. and Charles I. in his posthumous fragment in *Historical Sketches*. R. L. Stevenson generally comes off with flying colours when fancy and imagination wander back from his island home to Edinburgh, as in the view from the slopes of Caerketton, above Swanston:

The tropics vanish, and meseems that I  
On steep Caerketton dreaming gaze again;  
Far set in fields and woods the town I see  
Spring gallant, from the shadows of her smoke,  
Befflagged, spired, and turreted, her virgin fort cragged.

In the Swanston chapter in *Picturesque Notes*, Stevenson gives the same view, one of the best

round Edinburgh, with great truth and beauty of language. In his *Memories and Portraits*, two chapters refer to Swanston and Swanston characters, and one to the old manse at Colinton and its inmates.

To get the full romance of Edinburgh it is advisable that the visitor or native look as far as possible at everything with his or her own eyes, and not be too much the slave of the guide or guide-book. It gives joy and zest to discover the new routes and matters worthy of notice for one's self. In fact, the ready-made tourist-route is a snare to every leisurely-going, unconventional traveller who wishes to see Edinburgh or the Highlands for himself. There are routes and views and scenes off the beaten track quite as worthy as those signalled by Scott or other writers. Yet Edinburgh might well have erected, at her own expense, the handsome Gothic monument in Princes Street to Scott, which Professor Masson has pronounced the finest ever erected to a man of letters, from the design by the self-taught architect, G. M. Kemp; for, as Alexander Smith puts it, Scott discovered the city was beautiful, sang its praises to the world, 'and he has put more coin into the pockets of its inhabitants than if he had established a branch of manufacture of which they had the monopoly.' Robert Chambers, in the early freshness of his powers, added to his own fame and that of Edinburgh by embalming the records and memorials, the appearance of streets and closes, many of which are now a thing of the past, in his extremely readable and interesting *Traditions of Edinburgh*. It is well that we have such a picture of the town in this and in his *Walks in Edinburgh*, ere the expansion and improvement had blotted many of the old landmarks out of existence. Lord Cockburn's *Memorials* is so well read even yet that seldom does it remain a day on the shelves of any town library.

For the light and shade of character, anecdotes and characteristics of old worthies, commend us to the biographers, even the novelist and essayist: Defoe even, Smollett, Carlyle of Inveresk, Scott, and Dr John Brown in *Horæ Subsecivæ*. J. G. Lockhart's *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* photographs, as it were in clear and sharp outline, the literary, legal, and political luminaries of the first quarter of the century. A later work, *Edinburgh Dissected*, on the same plan, is interesting, although without a like ability or alertness of mind. If any one wishes to be set up in phrases about Edinburgh for a lifetime, let him turn to *Edinburgh Picturesque Notes* by R. L. Stevenson, which is a whimsical yet clever and entertaining book. Never was sentence more true than in his case when he says that 'the place establishes an interest in people's hearts.' Of this he was a notable example. He sighs in one of his letters: 'Oh for ten Edinburgh minutes, sixpence between us, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, or dear mysterious

Leith Walk!' But Stevenson tells us frankly that it has the vilest climate under heaven, and of the changes that have passed over the Old Town houses remarks: 'The cobbler succeeded the earl; the beggar ensconced himself by the Judge's chimney; what had been a palace was and is a pauper refuge, and great mansions were so parcelled out among the least and lowest in society.' There are two good chapters on Edinburgh in Alexander Smith's *Summer in Skye*, and it is to be regretted that this author did not live to complete that fragment of a poem on the town printed in *Last Leaves*, which was to be the complement of that very fine one on Glasgow.

The romantic side of the Edinburgh of the '45 is found in *Waverley*; the prose side may be seen in Carlyle of Inveresk's autobiography. As a budding divine, 'Jupiter' Carlyle helped to defend the city, and gives a graphic picture of the ineptitude of the defence. How the books accumulate! *Kay's Portraits*, Professor Masson's *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories*, Daniel Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh*, Mrs Oliphant's *Royal Edinburgh*, Wilmot Harrison's *Memorable Edinburgh Houses*, Dunlop's *Book of Old Edinburgh*, John Reid's *New Lights on Old Edinburgh* (which is specially good for the High Street), Katherine Lockie's *Picturesque Edinburgh*, and, for the suburbs, Margaret Warrender's *Walks Round Edinburgh*.

The literature of bookselling, printing, and publishing belongs to and is closely identified with modern Edinburgh. It is a fascinating page of history which should not be missed. Some of the more important books in this department, besides *Peter's Letters* already mentioned, are the *Memoirs of Scott*, Hogg, De Quincey, Lockhart, Christopher North, Patrick Fraser Tytler, with William Creech's *Fugitive Pieces*, Archibald Constable and his *Literary Correspondents*, *Memoir of William and Robert Chambers*, *Memoirs of Adam Black*, and *The House of Blackwood*. There is also, we believe, a privately-printed *Memoir of William Nelson* by his friend Sir Daniel Wilson. The Town Museum, which has just been rehoused and rearranged, under the supervision of Mr J. G. Ferguson, is rich in relics and pictures of Old Edinburgh from which it might be possible to reconstruct the Edinburgh of a past generation. A selection of these pictures has been privately issued, entitled *Bits of Old Edinburgh*, under the auspices of the Town Council, with descriptive letterpress by John Reid.

For the past and present geological history of Edinburgh, always a fascinating study, Mr J. G. Goodchild, of the Geological Survey, is a well-informed living guide, and as part of his professional duty has kept a record of the strata exposed during all excavations. He saw his opportunity at the new North Bridge, and wrote two articles for the *Scotsman* on the 'Ground Below the Scotsman Office.' He has also written articles on Blackford Hill and its amethysts and carnelians, and on the Braid Burn. A section lately

exposed at Forrest Road has been of value in confirming known facts. Hugh Miller's vigorous and vivid *Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood* and some of Sir Archibald Geikie's geological sketches rise to mind in this connection; but the literature of Edinburgh is so rich in all departments that we need not say more; every reader will be able to supply lists from personal experience.

Some tourists who come to the town see the sights, and drive to the Forth Bridge and Roslin, and feel that they have done their duty; but there are charming nooks and corners of suburban Edinburgh out of the beaten track which it is a great joy to discover and explore for one's self. It was in this way that Robert Chambers and R. L. Stevenson loved to discover them, wandering alone or with friends. To the very last Scott saw new beauties in 'mine own romantic town,' and late in life chronicled this impression of a drive between Lasswade and Edinburgh: 'I think I never saw anything more beautiful than the ridge of Carnethy against a clear frosty sky, with its peaks and varied slopes. The hills glowed like purple amethysts, the sky showed topaz and vermilion colours. I never saw a finer series than Pentland, considering it is neither rocky nor highly elevated.'

That is a well-spent day, or half a day, occupied in visiting Bonaly, the country residence which Lord Cockburn erected for himself near Colinton. Professor Blackie burst forth into verse on Bonaly Burn, which bickers down from the heath-clad moor above, and winds through the Bonaly grounds. Lord Jeffrey's Life, by his friend Lord Cockburn, is another good Edinburgh work. In its pages the reader is transported to the fine suburban retreat of Craigerook, on the north shoulder of Corstorphine Hill, which was the home for a time of the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The dearest burn in all the world to Stevenson was that little stream which emerges from the heart of the Pentlands and flows past Glencorse Church to join the Esk. Some of the scenery here forms a background to *Weir of Hermiston*. Woodhouselee has a ghost, 'Lady Anne,' the circumstantial description of whose 'floored [flowered] gown' used to set Scott off in roars of laughter during his visits to Woodhouselee while residing at Lasswade. Burgon's Memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler shows how the historian revelled in this beautiful nook at Woodhouselee. The whole North Esk is redolent with memories of dead and living celebrities, from near its rise, where, at Newhall, Allan Ramsay's 'Habbie's Howe' is situated. In Penicuik is the home of S. R. Crockett the novelist. De Quincey resided for about fifteen years in a cottage known as Mavis Bush, Polton; then there is Hawthornden, with memories of Drummond; Lasswade, where Scott first set up his household gods after marriage; and lower down, on the way to Eskbank, Mrs Oliphant records that there she first awoke to

consciousness of things around her. Dalkeith has associations with General Monk, the Buccleuch family, and Norman Macleod. Musselburgh has memories of David Macbeth Moir, poet, and author of *Mansie Wauch*.

Yet, after all, there are times when a ramble in Lord Rosebery's fine grounds of Dalmeny and along the seashore at Cramond or in Lord Hopetoun's woods at Hopetoun House will be found to be a pleasure of no ordinary kind; and of such pleasures there are abundance in and around 'mine own romantic town.'

#### 'THIS OUGHT YE TO HAVE DONE.'

'That's a pathetic story of the fishing-boat crew of Gourdon, Kincardineshire. No class of men face death oftener than the hardy fisher-tollers of the sea, and among none is a genuine heroism oftener displayed. The Gourdon boat was manned by a father and his four sons. When the boat sank, three of the latter went with her. The old man got an oar, and soon the fourth son appeared by his side. But the oar could only support one; and the lad, taking in the situation at once, bade his parent farewell in the words, "Weel, weel, faither, I maun jist awa'," and sank. Only readers familiar with the northern dialect will fully appreciate the depth of kindly resignation and true feeling which the words denote. The father endured terrible sufferings, but was ultimately picked up. "Greater love hath no man than this."—*Daily Paper*.

We filled the leisure of the days,  
When from the north the wintry rain  
Was driv'n against the window pane,  
With tales that told our soldiers' praise.

And e'en the widowed heart seemed glad,  
As when the sun breaks through the cloud,  
To hear the neighbours speak aloud  
The praises of her soldier lad.

But where the circle of the sky  
Meets everywhere the angry wave,  
What praise is given to the brave  
When only God has seen them die?

The lad who, with the sea at strife,  
Let go his hold on life and youth  
To keep a faster hold on truth,  
And save, perchance, a father's life,

Was soon forgotten by the few  
Who chanced to read the scanty note  
Which told the sinking of the boat,  
And all the correspondent knew.

Not e'en a grave beneath the sod  
Will help to keep his memory green;  
And all the praise which might have been,  
We leave to be bestowed by God.

Oh! praise the soldier's honest faith  
Which keeps him brave 'midst shot and shell:  
They earn their decorations well  
Who face disablement and death.

But spare a kindly thought for one—  
That Scottish fisher-lad—who gave  
His own another's life to save,  
For braver deed was never done.

C. J. BODEN.